

THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM;

OR,

REPOSITORY OF THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND BELLES LETTRES.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY GEORGE BOND, NO. 4 CHAMBERS-STREET, NEW-YORK.

No. 18.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1825.

VOL. I.

REVIEW.

ART. I.—History of the Expedition to Russia, undertaken by the Emperor Napoleon, in the year 1812. By General Count PHILIP DE SEGUR. With a Map. Philadelphia. E. Littell, and Wilder & Campbell, New-York. 8vo. pp. 546.

WE think that we may safely venture to predict that of the many books which have issued, and are still to issue from the press, in relation to Napoleon, few will find more lasting favour with the public, or be so likely to meet the eyes of an impartial posterity, as the one now immediately before us. Neither deformed on the one hand by a fulsome and extravagant eulogy of the mere emperor, nor deficient on the other, in a manly and enthusiastic admiration of the hero, such as devotion to his service and an intimate knowledge of his great qualities could not fail to inspire, the history of Segur presents us with a faithful and impartial picture of the character of Napoleon, as developed in one of the most gigantic enterprises ever undertaken by an ambitious and fortunate chief, and one, too, which only wanted success to have insured it the undivided admiration of mankind. Written, too, in a style remarkable for its chaste and vigorous simplicity, and breathing the most lofty sentiments, it is not unworthy to take place with the most finished models of classical history. Recommended thus by its manner, no less by the intrinsic importance of its matter, this work should be made generally known, more especially at the present time, when the character of the late emperor of France is still so much misunderstood, and when envy and malice, not satisfied with his ruin and death, would attempt to blast his fame, and if possible devote his name to an ignominious oblivion. Vain attempt! Each day redeems the memory of this great man from some foul blot with which his enemies have impotently endeavoured to stain his character, and secures to his virtues, his bravery, and his magnanimity, a conspicuous and durable impression in the tablet of history. Even in the expedition to Moscow, of which the failure has drawn forth so much gratuitous and ill-founded censure from those who would have been the readiest and the loudest to have applauded its success, Napoleon appears in this history in a light entirely novel, and that will shed lustre on the character of the man, as it has indisputably, and notwithstanding defeat, on the talent of the general, and the enlarged policy of the statesman. It will be seen that neither the superiority of his numerous foes, the inclemency of the elements, nor the unwieldy weight of an army, composed of the most

discordant materials, had been sufficient to have vanquished the hitherto victorious master of Europe. Sickness—bodily pain, occurring too at the most critical juncture in the whole campaign, quite vanquished him, and saved Russia. It seems as if nature had been resolved to assert her empire over the greatest of her productions, and one that hitherto seemed to defy her opposition with scorn. The hero was gone—it was the mortal, stricken with pain, without energy or power to think and act. Yet, hence proceeded all his disasters. His career once stopped—his power once proved not invincible, reaction followed. All was defeat, disaster; driven from post to post, notwithstanding the renewal and continued display of all his former energies, talents, and bravery, he was dethroned—banished, and died on a solitary rock, afar from the scenes of his triumphs and his glory. His memory shall, however, be cherished while history records the deeds of greatness, or posterity delight to be instructed in lessons of glory, of wisdom, and misfortune.

The present history is divided into twelve books, the first and second of which are devoted to an exposition of the motives that led to the Russian war, and of the numerous and long-continued deliberations of Napoleon with himself and his ministers previous to its declaration. The relative situation of the different powers of the continent is also explained with masterly accuracy and precision. The difficulties Napoleon had to encounter were many. Among these the defection of Turkey and Sweden were the most important. The latter was the more unexpected and painful, as the crown prince, Bernadotte, owed his elevation to the throne principally to Napoleon, had been his fellow soldier, and was moreover indebted to him for the very means by which he made a decent entry into his kingdom, and had besides pledged himself to the service of the emperor. His conduct will appear from the following paragraphs.

“The newly elected prince immediately paid his respects to the emperor, who received him frankly. ‘As you are offered the crown of Sweden, I permit you to accept of it. I had another wish, as you know; but, in short, it is your sword which has made you a king, and you understand that it is not for me to stand in the way of your good fortune.’ He then entered very fully with him into the whole plan of his policy, in which Bernadotte appeared fully to concur; every day he attended the emperor’s levee along with his son, mixing with the other courtiers. By such marks of deference he completely gained the heart of

Napoleon. He was about to depart, poor. Unwilling that he should present himself to the Swedish throne in that necessitous state, like a mere adventurer, the emperor generously gave him two millions out of his own treasury; he even granted to his family the dotations which as a foreign prince he could no longer retain himself; and they parted on apparent terms of mutual satisfaction.

“It was natural that the expectations of Napoleon as to the alliance with Sweden should be heightened by this election, and by the favours which he had bestowed. At first Bernadotte’s correspondence with him was that of a grateful inferior, but the very moment he was fairly out of France, feeling himself as it were relieved from a state of long and painful constraint, it is said that his hatred to Napoleon showed itself in threatening expressions, which, whether true or false, were conveyed to the emperor.”

That Napoleon should resent this conduct, and treat Bernadotte with offended dignity, is not surprising. A breach of correspondence was the consequence, the advantages from which were eagerly seized by the Russians and English.

“Knowing that the active and restless vanity of men who have newly risen from obscurity is always uneasy and susceptible in the presence of ancient *parvenus*, George and Alexander were lavish of their promises and flattery, in order to cajole Bernadotte. It was thus that they caressed him at the time that the irritated Napoleon was threatening him; they promised him Norway and a subsidy, when the other, forced to refuse him that province of a faithful ally, took possession of Pomerania. While Napoleon, a monarch deriving his elevation from himself, relying on the faith of treaties, on the remembrance of past benefits, and on the real interests of Sweden, required succours from Bernadotte, the ancient monarchs of London and Petersburg demanded his opinion with deference, and submitted themselves by anticipation to the counsels of his experience. Finally, while the genius of Napoleon, the grandeur of his elevation, the importance of his enterprise, and the habit of the former relations, still classed Bernadotte as his lieutenant, they appeared already to treat him as their general. How was it possible for him not to seek to escape on the one hand from a sense of inferiority, and on the other to resist a mode of treatment, and promises so seductive? Thus it was that the future prospects of Sweden were sacrificed, and her independence for ever laid at the mercy of Russian faith by the treaty of Petersburg, which Bernadotte

signed on the 24th of March, 1812. That of Bucharest, between Alexander and Mahmoud, was concluded on the 28th of May. Thus did we lose the support of our two wings."

Napoleon has often been represented by his defamers as a disgusting and overbearing tyrant, who could bear no opposition to his word, and whose very looks terrified all who approached him. Here is the refutation.

"It was thus that the greater part of those whom he wished to gain over, found themselves, as it were, fascinated by him in spite of themselves. It was flattering to your vanity to see the master of Europe appearing to have no other ambition, no other desire than that of convincing you; to behold those features, so formidable to multitudes, expressing towards you no other feeling but a mild and affecting benevolence; to hear that mysterious man, whose every word was historical, yielding, as if for your sake alone, to the irresistible impulse of the most frank and confiding disclosure; and that voice, so caressing while it addressed you, was it not the same, whose lowest whisper rang throughout all Europe, announced wars, decided battles, settled the fate of empires, ruined or destroyed reputations? What vanity could resist a charm of so great potency? Any defensive position was forced on all points; his eloquence was so much more convincing, as he himself appeared to be convinced."

"But this fear, which did not restrain Caulaincourt and several others, had no influence upon Duroc, Daru, Lobau, Rap, Lauriston, and sometimes even Berthier. These ministers and generals, each in his sphere, did not spare the emperor when the truth was to be told. If it so happened that he was enraged by it, Duroc, without yielding, assumed an air of indifference; Lobau resisted with roughness; Berthier sighed, and withdrew with tears in his eyes; Caulaincourt and Daru, the one turning pale, the other reddening with anger, repelled the vehement contradictions of the emperor; the first with impetuous obstinacy, and the second with short and dry determination. They were often seen to end these altercations by abruptly retiring, and shutting the door after them with violence.

"It should, however, be added here, that these warm discussions were never productive of bad consequences; good temper was restored immediately after, without leaving any other impression than redoubled esteem on the part of Napoleon for the noble frankness which they had displayed."

Some idea may be formed of the power Napoleon enjoyed from the following picture.

"His levee presented a more remarkable spectacle! Sovereign princes attended it in order to solicit an audience of the conqueror of Europe. They were so intermingled with his officers, that the

latter were frequently obliged to take precautions against involuntarily crowding upon these new courtiers, who were confounded with them. It was thus that the presence of Napoleon made distinctions disappear, he was as much their chief as ours. This common dependency appeared to put all around him on a level. It is probable that even the ill-disguised pride of several French generals gave offence to these princes: they conceived themselves raised to an equality with them; and, in fact, whatever may be the noble blood and rank of the vanquished, the victor becomes his equal."

His barbarity has been so often dwelt upon, that it is some relief to find the following extenuation, to say the least of it

"But the emperor was desirous to have order kept in the middle of disorder. Pressed by the accusing reproaches of two allied nations, two names were more especially distinguished by his indignation. In his letters are found these words: 'I have suspended Generals — and —, I have suppressed the brigade —; I have cashiered it in the face of the army, that is to say, of Europe. I have written to —, informing him that he ran great risks of being broke, if he did not take care.' Some days after he met this —, at the head of his troops, and still indignant, he called to him, 'You disgrace yourself; you set the example of plunder. Be silent, or go back to your father; I do not want your services any further.'"

We shall next give an extract to show what was his conduct to the most common soldiers of his army.

"From Konigsburg to Gumbinnen, he reviewed several of his armies; conversing with the soldiers with a gay, frank, and often abrupt air, well aware that, with such unsophisticated and hardy characters, abruptness is looked upon as frankness; rudeness as force, haughtiness as true nobility; and that the delicacy and refinements of the higher classes are in their eyes no better than weakness and effeminacy; they appear to them like a foreign language, which they do not understand; and the accents of which strike them as ridiculous.

"According to custom, he promenaded before the ranks. Knowing in which of his wars each regiment had been with him, at the sight of the oldest soldiers he occasionally halted; to one he recalled the battle of the Pyramids; another he reminded of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, or Friedland, and always by a single word, accompanied by a single caress. The veteran who believed himself personally recognised by his emperor, rose in consequence in the estimation of his junior companions, who considered him an object of envy. Napoleon, in this manner, continued his inspection; he overlooked not even the youngest soldiers; it would seem that every thing which concerned them was to him matter of interest; their least wants were fami-

liar to him; he interrogated them: Did their captains take care of them? had they received their pay? were they in want of any requisite? he wished to see their knapsacks.

"At length he stopped at the centre of the regiment; there being apprised of the places vacant, he required aloud the names of the most meritorious in the ranks; he called those who were so designated before him, and questioned them. How many years' service? how many campaigns? what wounds? what exploits? He then appointed them officers, and caused them to be immediately installed, himself prescribing the forms;—all particularities which delighted the soldier. They told each other how the great emperor, the judge of nations in the mass, occupied himself with them in their minutest details; that they composed his oldest and his real family! Thus it was that he instilled into them the love of war, of glory, and himself."

The following account is exceedingly picturesque.

"Before us was the Russian frontier. Our ardent gaze already sought to invade the promised land of our glory athwart the shades of night. We seemed to hear the joyful acclamations of the Lithuanians, at the approach of their deliverers. We pictured to ourselves the banks of the river lined with their supplicating hands. Here we were in want of every thing; there, every thing would be lavished upon us! The Lithuanians would hasten to supply our wants: we were about to be encircled by love and gratitude. What signified one unpleasant night? The day would shortly appear, and with it warmth and all its allusions. The day did appear! and it revealed to us dry and desert sands, and dark and gloomy forests. Our eyes then reverted sadly upon each other, but we were again inspired by pride and hope, on observing the imposing spectacle of our united army.

"Three hundred yards from the river, on the most elevated eminence, the tent of the emperor was visible. Around it the hills, their slopes, and the subjacent valleys, were covered with men and horses. As soon as the earth exhibited to the sun those moving masses, clothed with sparkling arms, the signal was given, and instantly the multitude began to de-file off in three columns, towards the three bridges. They were observed to take a winding direction, as they descended the narrow plain which separated them from the Niemen, to approach it, to reach the three passages, to compress and prolong their columns, in order to traverse them, and at last reach that foreign soil, which they were about to devastate, and which they were soon destined to cover with their own enormous wrecks.

"So great was their ardour, that two divisions of the advanced guard, in disputing for the honour of being the first to pass, were near coming to blows; and some exertions were necessary to restore

order. Napoleon hastened to plant his foot on the Russian territory. He took this first step towards his ruin without hesitation. At first, he stationed himself near the bridge, encouraging the soldiers with his looks. The latter all saluted him with their accustomed acclamations.—They appeared, indeed, more animated than he; whether it was that he felt oppressed by the weight of so great an aggression, or that his enfeebled frame could not support the effect of the excessive heat, or that he was already intimidated by finding nothing to conquer.

"At length his natural impatience returned. He suddenly dashed into the country, and penetrated the forest which girt the sides of the river. He set spurs to his horse: he appeared on fire to come in contact with the enemy alone. He rode more than a league in the same direction, surrounded throughout by the same solitude; upon which he found it necessary to return in the vicinity of the bridges, whence he re-descended the river with his guard towards Kowno."

One of the sources of Napoleons' subsequent misfortunes is undoubtedly to be found in his treatment of the Poles. He had promised their redemption from Russian bondage and a free government. After he had it in his power to fulfil his pledge he neglected to do it. Hence their coldness and after hatred to the French.

ART. II.—Don Juan. Cantos xvii, xviii. New-York. Charles Wiley. 1825. 18mo. pp. 101.

WE notice this book for two reasons. The first is that we may unequivocally condemn it; the second that we may gratify any latent curiosity in our readers respecting it, and thereby prevent their forming with it any closer intimacy. Females, more especially, should be cautioned, for its very touch will be pollution to them. Its name sufficiently announces the intention of its author to adopt the strain of the deceased bard, whose talents alone secured his poem from the universal execration which its immoral, nay, impious tendency, so richly merited. This tendency is equally perceptible in the present work, while the little talent there is to redeem it will scarcely suffice to ensure it more than an ephemeral existence, and that among a *certain class* only. We have heard, by report, the name of its reputed author, and from certain direct, and, let us add too, highly indecorous and unfeeling allusions in the work, we presume the report is not unfounded; and we are free to say that it pains us much to find *him* engaged in such an unworthy, and we sincerely hope for the character of the publisher, such an unprofitable task. What real or durable satisfaction can an author derive from publicly lacerating the feelings of private individuals, and intruding domestic feuds and jealousies on the notice of the community, and even allowing that the wounds he inflicts are a merited punishment to the party assailed, from holding

himself up as a public executioner? He may indeed attain the uncharitable end of torturing the objects of his malice and his vengeance, but does he acquire honour or esteem by open indulgence in such unmanly gratification? and above all, does he secure himself the approbation of "that busy something that foolish custom has made terrible?" We put these questions not in a tone of supercilious censure, nor from any personal feelings of indignation, but with the sincere hope that they may recall the author, who really appears to be possessed of some talent, from his present course, and particularly we trust that they may have some influence in preventing him from a continuation of these cantos. Let him direct his attention to nobler purposes; many invite him, in this free and happy land, to honour and to fame.

Having said thus much in condemnation of 'the moral of this tale,' we think it our duty, as fair critics, and to redeem the second pledge given at the commencement of this article, to quote a few passages illustrative of the happier manner of the author, and which will abundantly show his fitness for the better things we expect from him.

LXII.

'Tis vain, and worse than vain, to think on joys,
Which, like the hour that's gone, return no more;
Bubbles of folly, blown by wanton boys—
Billows that swell, to burst upon the shore—
Playthings of passion, manhood's gilded toys,
(Deceitful as the shell that seems to roar
But proves the mimic mockery of the surge:—)
They sink in sorrow's sea, and ne'er emerge.

LXV.

I love no land so well as that of France—
Land of Napoleon and Charlemagne;
Renowned for valour, women, wit, and dance,
For racy Burgundy, and bright Champagne—
Whose only word in battle was 'advance,'
While that 'Grand Genius' who seem'd born
to reign—
Greater than Ammon's son, who boasted birth
From heaven, and spurn'd all sons of earth."

LXVIII.

Napoleon Bonaparte! thy name shall live
Till Time's last echo shall have ceased to sound,
And if Eternity's confines can give
To Space reverberation—round and round
The Spheres of Heaven, the long, deep cry, of
'vive
Napoleon!' in thunders shall rebound—
The lightning's flash shall blaze thy name on high,
Monarch of Earth, now Meteor of the Sky!

LXIX.

What! though on St. Helena's rocky shore
Thy head be pillowed, and thy form entomb'd,
Perhaps that Son, the child thou didst adore,
Fired with a father's fame, may yet be doom'd
To crush the bigot Bourbon, and restore
Thy mould'ring ashes, ere they be consum'd;
Perhaps, may run the course thyself didst run—
And light the world, as comets light the sun!

LXX.

'Tis better thou art gone; 'twere sad to see

Beneath an 'imbecile's' impotent reign,
Thine own unvanquished legions doom'd to be
Cursed instruments of vengeance on poor
Spain,—
That land so glorious once in chivalry,
Now sunk in slav'ry, and in shame again;
To see th' Imperial Guard, thy dauntless band,
Made tools for such a wretch, as *Ferdinand*.

LXXIII.

Farewell Napoleon! had'st thou have died
The coward scorpion's death—afraid, asham'd,
To meet Adversity's advancing tide,
The weak had praised thee, but the wise had
blam'd:
But no! though torn from country, child, and
bride,
With Spirit unsubdued, with Soul untam'd,
Great in misfortune, as in glory high,
Thou darest't to live through life's worst agony.

LXXV.

Farewell Napoleon! a long farewell!
A stranger's tongue, alas! must hymn thy
worth;
No craven Gaul dare wake his Harp to tell,
Or sound in song, the spot that gave thee birth.
No more thy name, that with its magic spell,
Aroused the slumb'ring nations of the earth,
Echoes around thy land! 'tis past; at length,
France sinks beneath the sway of Charles the
Tenth."

ART. III.—COLOMBIA, its present state, in respect of Climate, Soil, Productions, Population, Government, Commerce, Revenue, Manufactures, Arts, Literature, Manners, Education, and Inducements to Emigration, with Itineraries, &c. By Col. FRANCIS HALL, Hydrographer in the service of Colombia, &c. Philadelphia. 1825. pp. 131.

(Continued.)

WE now continue our extract of Colonel Hall's interesting little volume. After noticing the population, our author goes on to consider the government of Colombia.

The present form of Constitution was adopted by the National Congress, at Cúcuta, in the fall of 1821. By this instrument the Colombian people are declared to be perpetually independent, the sovereignty of the country is made to reside in the people. Magistrates are made responsible for the faithful discharge of their duties; and equality of rights is decreed to all individuals. The Executive power is placed in the hands of a President, elected for four years, and to him are intrusted the general administration of the government, the execution of the laws, the command of the military and naval forces of the republic, and the power of nominating to all civil and public offices. The President is assisted by a council consisting of the Vice President, a Member of the Court of Justice, and the four Secretaries, for home and foreign departments, for finances, and for war.

The Legislature is composed of a Senate and House of Representatives. The Senate is composed of four members from each of the eight departments—its duties are pretty much the same with those of our Senate. The House of Representatives consists of members from the Pro-

vinces, one for each 30,000 inhabitants; and are elected for four years. They are elected, not as with us, directly by the people, but by the intervention of electors—a mode *we* do not admire. It may, however, be the most proper in the present condition of Colombia.

The freedom of the press is secured—all unlawful arrests prohibited—trial by jury recommended—monopolies abolished, and also hereditary ranks and offices.

Our author states some doubts as to the practicability of this system, and questions whether it is adapted to the interest and situation of the people. Although we have more faith in the application of the political doctrines involved in this constitution, we are free to confess that the long degraded condition of the Colombians, and their religious habits, offer some serious grounds for discussion. As to the extent of the Republic, and the scattered population, we do not deem them of so much consequence as Col. Hall. The same argument was used in reference to this country, and yet see the result of the trial. Other considerations are offered, as will be seen by the following extract, which present some difficulties:

"Amid a people whose spirit has been crushed by the despotism of ages, it will be long ere individuals can be found, who, with no other support than the laws, and the sympathy of their fellow-citizens, will dare to brave the indignation of the government, and insist upon justice as a right too obvious to be denied; such an effort would, I fear, under existing circumstances, be rather deemed an act of madness than of political duty, and yet, until such a spirit not only exists, but becomes prevalent, is not only tolerated, but cherished and applauded, there can be no such thing as practical liberty. The evils of the central system are considerably augmented by the present form of provincial administration. The intendants of departments, governors of provinces, with all inferior magistrates, and corporations, are all, directly and indirectly, appointed by the executive, whereas, were their election popular, the power of election or rejection, with that of opinion, on the part of the people, would create a local responsibility on the part of the magistrates, generally sufficient to ensure the discharge of their duty without having recourse to the seat of government, a remedy which we may reasonably prognosticate, will be always found ineffectual.—In spite, however, of these and other defects, inherent in the present form of the constitution, such parts of it as were readily intelligible had begun to take a forcible hold on the minds of the people; the form of election was too much complicated, and too indirect, to excite a powerful interest in minds which required political ideas of the simplest, and if we may use the expression, most tangible form, but the abolition of arbitrary imprisonments, the liberty of the press, the equalization of rights, were easily understood, and

universally appreciated; at the moment, however, that these good fruits were making their appearance, the growth of the tree was checked, and its vital spirit, for a season at least, destroyed. The invasion by Morales, of the province of Maracaybo, caused the suspension of the constitution in the provinces adjacent to, or which might become the seat of war. Insurrections in Quito produced similar measures in the south, and military, which is always synonymous with arbitrary, government, has been since almost everywhere established; this evil would have been trifling, in a country already accustomed to the enjoyment of its freedom under a tried constitution; but here it has unsettled men's minds as to the value and efficacy of a system, which either fails to produce the expected advantages or disappears when its influence should be most triumphantly exerted."

Under the head of "Commerce and Revenue" we are made acquainted with the several articles raised in the Republic, and the proper cultivation of which will hereafter reward the industry and enrich the enterprise of the merchant and the agriculturist.

The principal of these articles are cocoa, coffee, cotton, indigo, sugar, tobacco, hides, cattle, and dye-woods. We shall not enter into the particulars of their growth, &c., presuming that those who may be particularly interested in the subject will examine the different authorities for themselves.

Pearl fishery was carried on formerly, on the coast of the Island of Marguerita, and it is still, also on the Goagira coast, between Rio Hacha and Maracaybo. A monopoly of this trade has been granted by Congress to Messrs. Rundell, Bridge, and Rundell, English merchants.

Gold, silver, and platina, are obtained in Atehoquia and Choco. The annual sums coined from the mines in 1801—4, was upwards of two millions. Emeralds are also found.

Bark, cedar, mahogany, drugs, balsams, dying-plants, beeswax, copper and iron, and cochineal, will all, hereafter, form the principal exports of this extensive and fertile territory.

Our author details, with much clearness, the causes which have oppressed, and still continue to oppress, commerce. The principal are want of capital, want of knowledge, monopolies, and the restrictions hitherto imposed by the tyranny of the mother country. The great remedy for all is—*Free trade with all nations.*

Manufactures have not, as yet, made, nor are they soon likely to make much progress in Colombia. And Col. Hall does not think it desirable that they should—and we agree with him.

The following extract will show the condition of the inhabitants as it relates to the Arts and Education:

"To form an adequate idea of the small progress the most necessary *Arts of Life* have made in Colombia, we must trans-

port ourselves, I was about to say, to the Saxon period of European civilization, but though this comparison might be apt in some points, it would be doing our ancestors injustice in others, since the public edifices of that remote period, in many instances, possess a grandeur and solidity which it would be vain to look for in the buildings of this country. Houses of all classes are built of mud, sometimes mixed with stones, sometimes plastered on wattles, but always equally unsubstantial; in fact, when the means are compared with the end, it is wonderful any one has the courage to set about building a large house. The application of labour is neither aided by machinery, wheel-carriages, or even by a wheel-barrow: the earth dug from the foundation, or collected to make the walls, is carried in trays on men's heads, or on a hide dragged along the ground, while a string of asses may be seen with small panniers full of bits of stones, or dragging each two small sticks of timber—altogether presenting such a picture of lazy imbecility as would disgrace any thing but a community of sloths. The finishing is equally defective; it would be vain to look for a right angle, or a straight line in the walls, or for a beam or rafter squared or planed; the doors and windows would be inadmissible in an English stable. The consequence of all this is, that whoever desires to build according to European ideas of decency, must send to the colonies for workmen of every description, or import his house ready made. The same observations apply to every branch of handicraft: furniture, clothes, shoes and boots, saddlery, in short, every thing used or worn, must be sought from abroad. When the most necessary arts of life have made so little progress, the *fine arts* must be in a state of proportionable infancy. *Architecture*, which in most Roman Catholic countries receives an extraordinary impulse from ecclesiastical wealth and influence, has here raised no monument worthy of the traveller's attention. The facades of several of the churches of Caracas were tasteful, but their crumbling materials yielded to the earthquake. Through the whole of the interior there is no edifice worth mentioning, except in Bogota. The Cathedral here is of yellow stone, and though somewhat fantastical and irregular in its style, is, on the whole, an imposing structure. The other churches and convents, 29 in number, differ only in the greater or less quantity of gilding and barbarous decorations with which they are overloaded. Other public works there are none, architecturally speaking, except the fortifications of Cartagena and Puerto Cabello. There are some few bridges little worthy of notice, except that of Capitanajo over the rapid Sogamoza, a useful though inelegant structure; and that of Valencia, neatly built by Morillo, who employed for this purpose the patriot prisoners, several of whom were English officers. *Painting* is said to be cultivated with some success in Quito, and Bogota

boasts the native genius of Vazques, whose portraits certainly have merit, but the difficulties with which this, like every other liberal art, had to struggle beneath the Spanish yoke, may be estimated by the following anecdote: 'A painter in Bogota, of the name of Antonio Garcia, had two paintings from which he used to study—a Hercules spinning by the side of Omphale, and Endymion sleeping on the breast of Diana: the Commissary of the Inquisition was informed of the circumstance, and on the ground that the pictures were indecent, searched his cabinet, and had them cut in pieces, which the owner was *allowed to keep*.' Few nations are more generally gifted with musical talent than the inhabitants of Venezuela: before the revolution *Musical* was studied as a science with great success in Caracas, and it is no trifling instance of the spirit which has characterised the war, that Boves, the Robespierre of Colombia, should have felt pleasure in sacrificing the professors and amateurs of this amiable art, which tyranny itself has frequently respected. The *talent* still survives, though from the difficulty of procuring masters, as well as from other circumstances growing out of political changes and domestic distress, it may rather be said to scatter its sweetness wildly on its native air, than to be a subject of scientific study or professional cultivation."

We shall close our extracts with the following account of literature and education.

"When we consider the state of *Literature and Education* previous to the revolution, we may regard Caracas and Santa Fe as two luminous points radiating through an atmosphere of almost entire mental darkness. If partial lights were scattered, here and there, through the interior provinces, they were almost exclusively derived from these two national beacons, which in Venezuela and New Grenada, respectively, first pointed at the road to independence. There was a difference, however, in the character of the knowledge acquired and disseminated in the two capitals, in unison perhaps with the national character of the inhabitants. The lively genius and ardent temper of the Caracacians devoted themselves to the study of philosophy, eloquence, and political science. In Santa Fe the several branches of natural history, botany, and mathematics, were beginning to be cultivated with success, under the auspices of Dr. Mutes, Calders, Zea, and other members of the University. It may be supposed that both church and state looked most unlovingly on these dangerous and heretical novelties. The course of studies, *by law established* in the several schools and universities, had hitherto formed a complete gag on the intellect, while the Inquisition was charged to prohibit the entrance of any book which could directly or indirectly tend to remove it. The commissaries of the Holy Office were,

however, sometimes negligent, and always corrupt. Prohibited works, endeared by the difficulty of procuring them, were eagerly perused; and students devoted to Rousseau, Voltaire, and Volney, the hours formerly wasted over the *Philosophia Lugdunensis*, *Institutiones Canonice*, or the writings of Amet, Cornelius, Lapide, and Calmet. As these studies were always clandestine, the jealousy of the government, fluctuating between habitual indolence and newly awakened suspicions, was inadequate to repress them, although the disposition was sufficiently evident. In Santa Fe, General Narino, afterwards one of the principal leaders of the revolution in New Grenada, was immured and fettered in the dungeons of Cartagena, for having translated Rousseau's *Social Contract*, although he had previously obtained permission of the Viceroy for this purpose. Even a dancing academy was suppressed, as affording a pretext to the youth of the city for *meeting*, and inferentially for thinking and speaking. Scientific pursuits, as bearing little direct reference to politics, met with less obstruction, and the *Flora* of Bogota, begun by Dr. Mutes, was slowly continuing after his death under the direction of Dr. Senforso Mutes, his nephew, Don Francisco Jose Caldas, and Don Jose Lorano, aided by the pencil of Don Salvados Rezo, when the revolution suspended their labours. But minds illuminated by science could scarcely be enemies to freedom; with other distinguished individuals they embraced the cause of Independence, and were sacrificed by Morillo when he took possession of Santa Fe in 1815."

The second part we omit—as being especially intended for emigrants. We shall hereafter present our readers with notices of some interesting travels through Colombia, that they may be acquainted with the particular cities and districts, and have a coup d'œil of the domestic manners and customs of the people.

Musical Amateur.—A man in England was observed, in a cold evening, sitting on a small bridge, with his naked feet in the stream. Being asked the reason for so singular a measure, he replied that he was trying to catch cold, that he might sing the better bass on next Sunday.

A True Friend unbosoms freely, advises justly, assists readily, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, defends courageously, and continues a friend unchangeably.

A Frenchman stopping at a tavern asked for Jacob—"There is no such person here," said the landlord. "'Tis not any person I want, sare; but de beer make warm wid de poker," "Well," answered the landlord, "that is flip." "Ah! yes, sare, you are in de right; I mean *Phillip*."

Longevity.—A person by the name of Leonardo Barbaro, died lately at Oppido, in Calabria, at the great age of 116. He preserved all his faculties to the last.

SELECTIONS.

THE PIRATE.

Concluded.

THREE days had elapsed since this new arrangement, and, though comparatively at ease, Inesille, as night drew on, felt no inclination to sleep. Instead of repairing to her couch, she sat in pensive meditation, contemplating the gloomy prospect before her, and shuddering at the miseries which she seemed doomed to undergo when Vangroober should recover from his wounds, an event retarded only by the robber's inability to refrain from his diurnal libations. An unusual stillness pervaded the ship, and in that dead silence she heard distinctly a long and deep groan. She thought at first that it must come from the cabin of Vangroober, whom her fancy painted in the agonies of death; but a moment after his voice was heard upon deck: it assured her of the fallacy of this idea. The groans continued at intervals, and it was soon evident that they proceeded from beneath. Her heart beat quickly; some brute animal, or perhaps a human being, was concealed, and she felt her humanity engaged in the search. She was provided with a light, and, after removing the fastening, it was only by the utmost exertion of her strength that she succeeded in raising the trap. Lowering the lamp, she perceived the form of a man lying stretched upon the floor; and, instantly recollecting that five days had passed over since Markland's last visit, she hastened to procure the sustenance of which this unfortunate object of his care now seemed so much in need. She was amply provided with food and wine, and in a few minutes she was kneeling at his side, like a ministering angel. Her cares were soon repaid; the sufferer opened his eyes, and, though alarmingly weak, seemed to be in the full possession of his senses. He was young, and, even with the pallid hue of death upon his brow, strikingly handsome. Inesille contemplated the desolation of his dungeon with horror: a large sea-chest, which Markland had perforated in several places for the admission of air, and supplied with an interior bolt, served for his bed; and, rendering it more comfortable by a part of the luxuries which composed her own, she assisted him to the couch now better adapted to afford him repose. By the judicious administration of small portions of refreshment frequently repeated, she soon had the satisfaction to see him recovered far beyond her hopes; when the return of day obliged her to leave him to solitude and darkness.

Anxious and agitated, yet with renovated hope, she repaired to the deck; and, fearful that the perturbation of her mind would be observed, she strove to divert the attention of Vangroober by assuming a degree of condescension and kindness equally new and delightful to him. Hours, which seemed insupportably tedious, wore away in secret watch-

fulness on the door of her cabin, and pretended interest in the conversation of her loathed companion. At length she was released, and when the midnight watch was set, and the danger of interruption lessened, her patient, now strong enough for the exertion, ventured to emerge from his den to breathe the purer air of a well-ventilated apartment; and, seated by her side, he imparted his story in a low whisper to the listening girl.

"My name," said he, "is Henry Bellegarde, and my father was Captain and in part owner of this ship, which circumstances unnecessary to relate induced the English East-India Company to take into their service and charter for the China seas, though of a smaller class than is usually employed by them for that service. Unfortunately, during the early part of our voyage, an epidemic disease broke out, in which we lost a few men and the greater proportion of the officers. The purser, surgeon, the first mate, and several others fell victims to this scourge. The removal of these gentlemen by death inspired Vangroober and the villain Hudson with a project which proved but too successful. They incited the crew to mutiny, by persuading them to seize the ship and commence the more lucrative trade of piracy; and the confederacy was carried on with such secrecy, that one night, whilst apparently in the greatest security, we were surprised upon deck by a band of armed insurgents, who rushed upon us, and soon effected their murderous purpose. We were only six opposed to a multitude. I saw my father and the friends who supported him killed in our gallant but fruitless resistance. I was immediately afterwards struck down, and fortunately fell close to the companion-ladder. Markland, a man who, though deeply implicated in the mutiny, entertained sufficient gratitude for services which I had rendered him, to wish to save my life, flung a cloak over me, and whispered a direction to crawl down to the small state cabin, and conceal myself until he should come to me. I obeyed mechanically, and in the confusion and darkness escaped unseen. The bodies of the slain were hastily thrown overboard, and Markland, who was unsuspected of any design to spare me, contrived to make it believed that I had shared the same fate. He joined me in a short time, and with his assistance I descended to the place in which you found me. My wound was deep, but not dangerous, and almost by a miracle I have been preserved from detection and death."

Inesille, in return, related her story; and Bellegarde, when made acquainted with the division of the ship's company, and the number of foreign prisoners retained on board, instantly saw a chance of recovering the ship from the hands of the pirate. He charged his fair companion to catch, if possible, the names of all the sailors who navigated the vessel; as, aware of many traits in the character of each individual, he should then be able

to guess whether he should be likely to find coadjutors in his scheme; a circumstance not improbable, as many would have been drawn into rebellion against their wishes, and these were the men whom Vangroober would retain under his own eye, whilst he surrendered the care of the prize to those on whom he could best depend.

Inesille on the morrow was all eye and ear. Perfectly acquainted with the English language, she made herself mistress of the appellations of her shipmates, and under different pretences asked many questions which led to the knowledge of several interesting particulars. She learned the exact place of the prisoners' confinement, and their numbers: for Vangroober, considering her as quite reconciled to her situation, and secure of the impossibility of any danger from a creature so entirely in his power, was careless of any information which she might obtain. Indeed it would have been of little service without the assistance of Bellegarde. To him she imparted the result of her observations, when the return of night afforded an opportunity for an interview, and he resolved to make an attempt upon the ensuing evening. In her muster-roll of names he felt assured that he should find one friend, a man called Griffith, and they arranged their plan of operations in the following manner. Inesille was to invite Vangroober and Hudson to sup with her in the great cabin, under the pretence of celebrating her birth-day; and whilst engaged in this revel, Bellegarde proposed to steal through the window of her chamber, to gain the deck, shut down the hatches upon the party below, and then shape his course according to circumstances; surprise the sentinel who had the custody of the prisoners, or make himself known to such of the crew as he thought most inclined to support him. This enterprise was desperately hazardous; but the exigencies of the time would not admit of hesitation; failure would only accelerate a destiny which they had no other chance of avoiding.

Inesille on the succeeding day found occasion for every mental faculty. Her presence of mind did not desert her in the trial. She gave her invitation to the men she hated in the presence of both, and though each would have gladly dispensed with the company of the other, neither dared to express the secret desire of his heart. Affecting to be very busy in her preparations, she sought employment to conceal her tremors. The feast was to be the most magnificent that the ship could afford, and three of the sailors were ordered to attend upon her whilst she made her arrangements. In clearing the principal cabin, she took care to convey a good supply of offensive weapons to her own. She pitched upon Griffith as her chief assistant, who, more willing than dexterous, dropped a superb China bowl, which she had just filled with a rich mixture of wine and liquors, on the

floor; it was dashed into a thousand fragments in the fall, and the poor fellow instantly received a cruel blow from the brutal hand of Hudson. Inesille observed his agony, and the glances of indignation which he cast upon the savage when he thought that no one regarded them; and advancing towards him, said: "You have incurred this outrage upon my account; be at the head of the companion ladder to-night at eleven, and I will reward you for your present sufferings; I have jewels, but I dare not present you with my intended bounty now, since your tyrant would deprive you of the gift." The man thanked her, and promised to be upon the spot at the time she mentioned. She found a moment to inform Bellegarde of the appointment which she had so fortunately made, and, calling all her spirits to her aid, dressed for the reception of her guests.

The wished-for yet dreaded moment arrived which found Inesille sitting between the two pirates, at a well-covered table. She had taken infinite pains in her attire, and now sought with equal diligence to promote the joviality of her companions. The viands were despatched with great glee, and then she dismissed the attendants, and challenged repeated bumpers to her health. She tried to seek courage from the same source: but wine seemed to add liquid flames to the fire already burning in her breast, and she eagerly swallowed glass after glass of cold water, which fortunately stood beside her. Vangroober and Hudson drank off the toasts she gave with rapture, joined their hoarse voices in chorus to her songs, and abandoned themselves to the mirth of the hour, whilst she, detecting in the midst of the uproar, the slightest noise in the adjoining cabin, suffered all the alterations from bounding hope to despairing agony, feelings not unmingled with horror at the part which she was acting, in betraying even those wretches who so justly deserve the punishment of their guilt. It was evident to her that Bellegarde had left the place of his concealment. He was now upon the ladder. What a moment!—She turned her eyes with a strong effort from the door towards which they were but too apt to wander, and with a hysterical burst of laughter, apparently elicited by some ruffian jest of Hudson's, filled her glass to the brim with wine, and drained it as the only chance of retaining the power to continue her hateful task. The hatches were shut down; but in the wild inebriation which now prevailed, the sequel was unheeded, and the agitation which shook her frame disregarded by men whose brains were beginning to yield to the potent influence of the grape. She rallied again and again in the fearful interval which ensued, talked and laughed incoherently, till at length human nature could support no more—she started from her seat, reeled, and fell. Attributing her swoon to the effects of the wine which her companions imagined she had drunk, they rose, and each claiming

her as his right, contended for the prize. Hudson was just sinking under the nervous arm of Vangroober as the door of the cabin burst open, and both were seized by a band of armed men, with Henry Bellegarde, like a spectre risen from the grave, at their head. Inesille recovered to life and felicity. Griffith had proved faithful to his appointment, and kept guard over the hatches, whilst Bellegarde hastened to liberate the prisoners; a work which he found comparatively easy, the remainder of the crew having followed the example of their officers, and drowned their senses in wine. After a short struggle they were all secured, and the ship, no longer a terror and a scourge to industrious mariners, drew near to the shore whence her most beautiful prize had been so rudely snatched.

Inesille was restored to her home.—Mutually indebted to each other, her courage and prudence having enabled Henry Bellegarde to perform a gallant enterprise with success, and as in the hour of danger fate had formed a most unexpected union between them, they resolved to share the happiness, as they had shared the peril of their lives.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH SOCIETY. TOM TRUELOVE.

TOM TRUELOVE was one of the highest spirited fellows breathing; he was thought, by all his acquaintances, too wild to marry; he was always joking on the subject, and declaring that nothing should induce him to be caught in the conjugal noose.—Tom was a handsome fellow, and much admired by the fair sex; he returned their partiality, but his intentions went no further than flirting; he was fond of his bottle at the same time, and, although not a spendthrift, was as expensive as possibly could be, without dipping into his principal; he always rode good horses and spared no price; thus merrily his life run on. Different avocations separated us; the army took me to India, and I there read of Tom's marriage, at Harrowgate; I paid little attention to the circumstance; "a large fortune," quoth I to myself, "some heavy temptation, powerful charms," but the money seemed the most likely: I gave the matter no further thought until I returned, nearly a dozen years afterwards, to England. Paying a morning visit in Dover-street, I saw Mr. Truelove's card in a card-rack, and determined to call upon him, anticipating much pleasure in talking over old stories, and in bantering him on his former habits and protestations, his defying the charms of the fair, and his praises of the joys of a bachelor's life; I also promised myself at least one jovial bout, certain that Tom would live in excellent style, and keep a good table, and have all things, particularly his wife, in good order; for he used to laugh men to scorn who failed in this particular, despising petticoat government, undue influence, &c. &c. &c. I knocked at his door, which was opened by a modest-looking

footman, (a *rara avis*, in the west end of the town.) "Is your master at home?"—said I. "I don't exactly know, sir," replied the footman, "I am but just come in, but I will go up stairs and see; your name, if you please." I gave my name, and begged of him to add that I had been but a few days in town, arrived from abroad, and had been one of his oldest acquaintances, deeming this precaution necessary, as old acquaintances have often very short memories: a flutter seized my heart, for I had a warm regard for Tom, and I felt an emotion which every warm heart must experience at the little interesting uncertainty of how an old friend may be, how fortune may have treated him, whether his regard and sincerity correspond with our own, and the like—sensations easier imagined than expressed. What a blight is a cold reception under these circumstances! How wrinkles, premature age, the bloom of the cheek faded, the impression of sickness, shock the beholder! Poverty I apprehended not: Tom had a thousand per annum as a single man, and doubtless would have provided for an increased establishment, and for the contingent expenses of wedlock. I listened attentively, half hoping to be called up stairs, by my christian name, by himself; I almost prayed that his voice might be strong, and its tone lively and cordial: I heard a female voice only, and now concluded that he was not at home, and that I must be kept longer in suspense, and either wait for his returning my visit, or call again. Whilst fumbling for my address card, the footman came back, saying, "My master is at home to you, but to no one else;" very flattering, thought I, and I ascended the staircase, four stairs at a time, in the flutter of pleasure. I entered, and found Tom with a book in his hand, one child between his knees, another teasing him at the back of the chair, a high-dressed lady opposite him, superintending the work of a pretty little girl, and a fourth child with a paper fool's-cap, blubbering in a corner; he rose and took me by the hand; I pressed his in mine most heartily. "My dear Tom, I am delighted to see you," exclaimed I, and then made my obeisance to madame;—his was a smile in return, but such a smile as that where kindness and regret meet and mingle together—a sigh and a smile struggling for mastery: he motioned me to sit by him, and then, releasing the little school-boy from his task, and from his situation between his knees, he said, "go away with you, stupid little creature, there's no making you learn any thing; heigh ho!" Away run the dull scholar, whilst the boy at the back of the chair pulled his father's ears by way of fun.—"Have done, you wicked little plague," cried he; at which moment the girl in the corner cried most distressfully, and mama's companion pricked her finger with a needle, and screamed like a screech-owl. "A pretty family concert!" observed Tom to me, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Yes, but you have very fine chil-

dren," said I, wishing to calm matters;—"you are a very happy fellow;" this lit up a smile and a welcome together from madame. I interposed to have the fool's-cap removed, and to have the penance remitted, and was in the act of applying court-plaster to the other girl's wounded finger, when she gave me a slap in the face, and added to it, "you hurt me, you do, you nasty man." "Turn them all out," loudly vociferated my friend; whereon the whole four gave tongue together, in groans, moans, lachrymose accents, and lamentations, and ran out one after the other. Madame angrily accented, "stupid man, you always expect more of children than they can perform—I never saw any thing like you." In order to change the subject, I asked if he had any more children. "Ah, yes, six more—ten in all, plenty of children, and plenty of trouble with them." (Madame)—"And if you had none you'd be always complaining—men are the most contradictory beings on earth." "Will you dine with us to-morrow?" said he to me. (Madame)—"No, dear, we are engaged." "Humph; madame can contradict too," said I to myself; "then on Thursday," resumed he. "I hope so," added she, but never did hope wear such a livery: not the shadow of a smile was to be seen; all insincerity; but I accepted the invitation. I was impatient for the arrival of the day when I was to partake of a family dinner, which had the more attraction for me, because it would give me an opportunity of retracing the scenes of our youth, when left tete-a-tete with my old acquaintance, after madame had retired from the table. The day and hour came, Truelove looked in something like good spirits, but the lines of care were strongly and deeply impressed upon his features; he was much altered. I offered my arm to madame, to descend the staircase from the drawing-room to the dining parlour; "Don't you find your friend very much improved since you saw him?" inquired she, adding, "he is grown fatter since he was a single man." "He is looking very well," replied I, "and how could it be otherwise with so much happiness about him?" I never told a fib with so bad a grace. "We have a fine family," said she, bridling up to look more becomingly. We were now seated at table—there was a great deal of parade—a show of plate—much ceremony—but a very scanty, homely dinner, after all, made the most of by wax-lights, flowers round the dishes, and trickery; the circulation of the wine was like that of a miser's coin, or still more like the current of his heart, slow and niggardly: at the second glass of Cape Madeira, (which I expected not to see, and which Madame called Madeira, forgetting that I had doubled the Cape, and was not to be imposed upon,) she asked me, "pray, did not Truelove drink very hard when first you knew him?"—"Not particularly," answered I. "He is very sober now," said she; "I have quite reformed him." "So I perceive," quoth I, rather drily. The desert was long, and

dead sober, (as Pat calls it in contradiction to *dead drunk*.) On her retiring, he took my hand and pressed it kindly, filling a bumper and giving 'love and friendship.' I had almost forgotten to mention, that the whole ten children were paraded after the cloth was taken off, and a more noisy and troublesome set I never beheld; they were of all sizes, from one in the nurse's arms up to one of nearly eleven years of age, extremely robust and womanly for her age. 'A very agreeable lady your wife is,' said I, seeing him dull: 'very,' answered he, in a faint voice; 'and money,' continued I, 'a little,' responded he, in a still more subdued tone, 'a few thousand, all spent, and more promised, which I shall never get; I was infatuated to marry, and never calculated on what wedlock might produce; I am really a very poor man with a thousand per annum; have given up my horses and all my comforts, and I must either dip into my capital and be ruined in time, live miserably, or go abroad.' 'I am sorry for that,' said I, sincerely—a violent ringing of the bell preceded the appearance of the footman, announcing, in a firm tone, 'coffee is ready.' Tom asked me to take another glass, but the two decanters only averaged one between us; so with the half glass each, we walked up stairs.—Tom looked pitiable; the evening concluded in an exhibition of the little children's talents, and *talons* also, for the child who had slapped my face, scratched that of the baby, and a family scene ensued. 'Is this matrimony!' murmured I to myself, as I went out of the house. I invited Truelove to a coffee-house dinner, but he sent me an excuse. Alas! poor Tom.—Just as these concluding words were uttered, the Parrot added—poor fellow! ha, ha, ha, ha!

THE SLANDERER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

AMONG the many characters by whom the peace of society is disturbed and who delight to injure, there is perhaps not one more prominent than the slanderer. There is no one takes greater pleasure or delight, or is more anxious to create contentions and troubles than he is—no one more solicitous to spread discord around him. A slanderer is devoid of principle—is destitute of those feelings which actuate and govern great and noble minds, and is dead to every dictate of humanity. The holy and sacred fire of charity burns not in his breast, for if the least spark glimmered there, he would shudder at the bare idea of depriving his neighbour of his character. If the heavenly sentiment of charity ever warmed his bosom, or dwelt within him, it is extinct; for if it was not, he would never cast aspersions upon the reputation of any one. So far from doing so, if he could not, consistently with truth, bestow praise upon others, he would not hold up to public view their faults or frailties. If he possessed charity, he would feel the force of, and act

upon, the following exclamation of the poet:

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
And hide the fault I see."

Instead of the slanderer acting thus, he will not only expose the fault he sees, but will imagine others, and assert them as really existing. Falsehood is the spirit of slander—it is the basis on which rests all reports emanating from, and which have for their author a slanderer. A slanderer violates every principle of truth and equity, breaks down every barrier of honour and justice, and pollutes with his tainted tongue any company in which he is allowed to mingle. Like a contagion, he spreads, wherever he goes, confusion and trouble. What a series of bad and fatal consequences have been caused by the tongue of the slanderer, and how many have been reduced to wretchedness and misery by his fabrications? How often has he caused the warmest friends to become the most implacable enemies? How often has he created in the minds of those friends an insatiable desire of revenge? And how often has that desire led them to seek each other's life? Have there not been instances of men, whose reciprocal friendship has been suddenly succeeded by a deep-rooted enmity, caused by the wily assertions and seemingly plausible tales of the crafty slanderer? How often has the tongue of slander robbed peaceful families of their domestic bliss and comfort, substituting in their room a cold and suspicious reserve? How often has it excited in their breasts the destructive feeling of jealousy, and how frequently has it severed even the conjugal tie? The slanderer has often caused an innocent and unoffending man to be dragged from his happy home, and incarcerated in a gloomy dungeon, and afterwards doomed to an ignominious and premature death, leaving to the mercy of the world his unprotected family. The slanderer acts in a moral, as the assassin does in a physical sense—the latter attacks his unconscious victim, and stabs him in an unguarded and unsuspecting moment; the former stabs the character of his unsuspecting object in his absence, and when he is not present to vindicate himself. Neither will allow, if they can possibly prevent it, an opportunity of defence, feeling assured, that if they were confronted, they would inevitably be overcome. A slanderer is far worse than a highway robber, for what the latter takes is dross, when put in competition with what the former seeks. He who is deprived of his wealth, has a chance of partially replenishing it; but he whose character has been wrested from him, seldom or ever regains it. It is an irreparable loss—a loss which nothing can make amends for. What is a man without a character? He is like a tree whose foliage has been withered by the lightning's blast—he loses all attraction, and is looked upon only as an incumbrance—he is like that tree, uncared for and unheeded.

A man without character is neither respected, esteemed, trusted, nor confided in, because he has lost that which would justify or guarantee the safety of confidence being reposed in him. How base then must that man be, who would dare attempt to bereave his fellow man of that which is so necessary to his present happiness—that which is his best protector through this world. Yes, base and unprincipled indeed must he be, who would have the effrontery to raise the acrimonious tongue of slander against that neighbour's good name. A slanderer is actuated by nothing that is good—is influenced by nothing that is virtuous. If the least goodness or virtue held controul over or guided him, he would not scandalize another—he would shrink with horror from the act. But such feelings as these dwell not in the bosom of a slanderer—they seek a nobler and a more congenial seat—they dwell only in the breasts of the honourable and the generous-hearted.—Virtue and slander are averse to each other, and consequently could not exist in the same bosom. Therefore, where one is, the other must be absent. That heart in which the fiend slander finds an abode, is unknown to virtue, and consequently unshielded and unprotected by its influence.

The late King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands.—An historical romance has been published at Paris, called 'Tameha, the Queen of the Sandwich Islands.' The story is as follows:—Tamehameha, the King of the Sandwich Islands, and Tameha, his wife, are in London. The beauty of the two savages makes a tender impression; that of the one, on the heart of a lady Barrington—that of the other, on the heart of Sir Henry Graham; Sir Henry being leader of the fashion, and the charming Barrington the most seducing coquette in England. Tameha is invincible; but Tamehameha is subdued. After a variety of intrigues and adventures, Tameha dies of grief for the infidelity of her husband; and Tamehameha of remorse, for having thus caused the death of his wife!

Silk-Worms.—At Piedmont they breed two kinds of silk-worms: one kind (the more abundant of the two) producing yellow silk, the other white. In France, besides these two varieties, there is a third, bred in the neighbourhood of Alais, introduced fifty years ago from China, by order of the French Government, and which produces silk of the most perfect whiteness. These last, however, are by no means so profitable as the first mentioned kinds, as they spin but a small quantity of silk in proportion to the quantity of leaves they consume. L. Lit. Gaz.

CONTENT.

We need not travel, seeking ways to bliss;
He that desires contentment cannot miss:
No garden walls this precious flow'r embrace;
It common grows in ev'ry desert place.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

For the American Athenæum.

THE ITINERANT—No. VI.

RELIGION, which may be called one of the first principles of society, is so very material an ingredient towards maintaining the social compact, that no nation has yet been found without it, in some form or other. Whether the Deity be adored in the sun or air, in the howling tempest or the thunderbolt, in the raging wave or the high-perched pinnacle of the precipice—matters not; it is the feeling which dictates the adoration that constitutes Religion. When the Christian revelation began to diffuse itself over Europe, the mildness of its tenets, the forbearance and sufferings of those who devoted their days to the propagation of its doctrines, were so conspicuous as to call forth the sympathy of all who saw or heard them; and who is ignorant that sympathy is the first step towards conviction? In the reign of Constantine the Christian faith became also that of the government, and the Emperor united in his person the chief jurisdiction both in religious and secular affairs.

As my limits will not admit of, and my object does not embrace, a history of Christianity in these earlier periods, I will pass over the establishment of the papacy, and its incursions upon temporal sway, until the time of Urban II., who was the first to set in motion those plans which his predecessors had formed. I cannot, however, omit the consideration of the condition of religion at the time of the Crusades.

The only effectual means at the disposal of the Pope, for the maintenance of their usurpations, was, to keep unenlightened those on whom they practised their impositions; the consequence was, the prevalence of the blindest superstition, and a system of faith little better than Polytheism. All the literature of the age did not consist in more than a knowledge of reading and writing, which was confined to the monasteries—the laity were perfectly ignorant and uninformed, and the constant dupes of the religious orders.

The main-spring of the Papal influence arose from the people's believing in their power to grant absolution or remission from crimes committed. Under this impression, and through the medium of the Chair of St. Peter, frequent pilgrimages to the Holy Sepulchre were undertaken, in order to wipe away the stains incurred in the world's intercourse. The effect which this species of expiation might have on their spiritual welfare, I shall leave undiscussed, as foreign from my subject. I shall observe its temporal effects only.

Palestine, or the Holy Land, was, at this time, in possession of the Saracens. The Christian Pilgrims, on their return from it, complained bitterly of the sufferings they endured, in addition to the natural privations of such a journey, from

the cruelty and rapacity of the Infidels.—Peter, surnamed the Hermit, on returning from a pilgrimage, inflamed the minds of his countrymen by the account of sufferings which he endured. Urban II. pitched upon him as a fit instrument to facilitate a plan which the popes had long had in contemplation, of arming all Christendom for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. He travelled over Europe, bearing a cross, and calling upon all who esteemed the rights of religion to arm and come forth in its defence. Urban called a council at Placentia, at which more than thirty thousand people were assembled, who pronounced the plan as one of divine inspiration. Another council was soon after held at Clermont, which was still more numerous than the first. The wild fanaticism of Peter appeared to have communicated itself to the whole of Europe. The minds of men seemed, like one vast sea, to be agitated by the same winds, and all following in the same current. Eighty thousand followed his standard to Palestine, of whom, not more than one-fourth reached their destination, the rest having been wasted away by disease and all the other concomitants of so ill-directed an expedition. On their arrival they were met by the Infidels and totally defeated. Such was the result of the first crusade.

The unhappy termination of this first attempt, instead of cooling, served but to inflame the ardour of the Christians.—Princes and Nobles now entered into its spirit, and staked their all on its consequences.

I shall pass over the history of the following crusades, having taken a review of their causes, and proceed in my intended object of examining their effects upon society.

The first material change that presents itself to our attention, as produced by this fanatical spirit of the times, is the breaking up of that aristocratical combination under which Europe had groaned for so many successive centuries. Let us examine its source. All who entered under the banner of the cross were not actuated by motives of piety only; the greater part of them joined with their religious zeal a desire for renown and the acquisition of wealth—yet, in compliance with the spirit of the age, it was requisite that all who possessed the means should appear in a manner worthy of their rank and name. The nobility vied with each other in the splendour of their retinue and the number of their retainers whom they could call forth. As their disposable means were never more than sufficient for the maintenance of their dignity at home, they were obliged, in consequence of the extraordinary call now made upon them, to raise money by the disposal of their estates, in such parcels, and at such times, as their necessities demanded. Many of them too, never returned from their mad expeditions, and their lands and tenures were divided amongst the surviving heirs in distinct portions. Thus we see the

number of nobles and landholders increased, in the same proportion as their power fell; and as their intestine dissensions continued to keep the country in a state of commotion, the kings, who had, antecedently, little more than a nominal superiority over their more powerful subjects, as long as they were few, began to exert their authority in restraining the exorbitant power of the nobles, and keep them under controul.

The downfall of the feudal system, or at least the causes that led to it, being examined, let us now proceed to trace the revival of literature, as connected with the Crusades.

The Greek and Roman classics had been unknown in Europe since the downfall of the latter empire, with the exception of a few Latin authors, which Charlemagne, in the eighth century, had procured to be translated, and which were, subsequently, lost. The Arabians, in their conquests or irruptions on the Greek empire, had become acquainted with many of their neglected authors, which the Caliphs, justly appreciating, ordered to be rendered into Arabic; thus diffusing a literary spirit among their subjects—consequently we see them, like a star in the desert, illuminating the vast wilderness of uninformed Europe.

The Crusaders, in their communications with this people, however hostile their intent, could not avoid becoming acquainted with many of their arts, or observing the progress of letters among them. On their return they brought with them much valuable information, and more enlarged views, and although, owing to their ferocity and barbarism, the progress was slow, yet the spirit had been kindled, and grew gradually to a firm and steady pursuit after science and the fine arts. The genius of the times, owing chiefly to its chivalric spirit, (which I may probably review in some future number,) was more devoted to romance and tales of fiction, composed chiefly in verse, which were recited by minstrels or troubadours, who wandered from province to province, gaining a precarious livelihood by the exercise of their imagination.

We must here render justice to the Popes, and acknowledge that they who swayed the holy see about the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the successive century, gave every encouragement to, and liberally patronized, those who made the liberal arts their profession. At this period there were but four classics in the royal library at Paris, and the university at Oxford contained no more than six hundred volumes.*

Every thing that bore the appearance of literature received an increased impulse from the invention of Printing. This noble art, without which, even granting that the ancient methods had been carried to perfection, we should at best have been but in a very backward condition, at the present day, was invented by John

* Vide Gibbon.

Gutenberg, of Strassburgh, in the year 1440, and was soon carried to sufficient perfection to enable the reproduction of ancient works to a considerable extent.—In 1459 the art of engraving on copper was also invented. Many universities were established under the influence of monarchs who felt an interest in enlightening their subjects; none were, however, sufficiently liberal to leave the press unfettered. The heaviest penalties were inflicted on such as ventured to publish any thing contrary to the interest of despotism, a chief reason for the abject adulation which we see in the journals of an earlier, and even the present period.

My review has, so far, been concise—yet, as my object is but to examine the effects produced on the manners of humanity by, apparently, extraneous means, I have attained it by the consideration that what was, originally, no more than a papal plot for the extension of temporal power, ended in being the means of diffusing a noble spirit and taste for the splendid acquirements which have distinguished the inhabitants of Europe, and gained them a universal superiority in every art of life, as well as its luxuries.

I shall now conclude, proposing, when an opportunity offers, to take a similar review of the progress of Commerce, and the more substantial arts, which are closely allied with the history of the Holy wars, a subject at all times useful, as well as interesting.

PROTEUS.

THE GOSSIP.—No. V.

THERE is no subject which could engage my pen to enlist in the cause of humanity, sooner than the abominable practice of receiving circumstantial evidence in cases of life and death. When we seriously reflect upon it, we start in horror at the thought, that chance has it in her power to convict us of the most horrible crimes, and condemn us, perhaps innocently, to suffer an ignominious death. No one in society is safe. An innocent man may be dragged from the bosom of a tender and affectionate wife, to the gallows, to suffer for a crime committed by a wretch who is permitted, unmolested, to walk abroad, and again become the perpetrator of a similar act. It may be asked, what remedy can there be against these things? How is the man who in the dead of night, when no eye save his beholds the deed, commits murder upon a sleeping victim, to be discovered? Shall he be suffered to go unpunished? It may be urged, if that were the case, murders would increase and crimes multiply till they became as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore—for almost in every instance is murder committed in secret.

To this I would answer that there is an eye above which beholds the secret movings of man's heart, and will not suffer a crime of so great magnitude to be hidden long from our sight. The man whose heart is so depraved that it will permit him to commit one murder, will

not shrink back when his hand is raised for the perpetration of another. How easy is it, then, for him to take the bloody axe which has been the instrument of death, and lay it under the bed of some sleeping, innocent creature. Many instances have been known where a murderer has taken the blood of his victim and stained the clothes of a man while he was quietly reposing on his bed, dreaming perhaps of the fond hopes and anticipations of future events—but, alas! how is he doomed to be disappointed! He awakes in the morning and beholds himself covered with blood—he takes off his stained clothes and innocently lays them aside. In a little time the constables who have traced blood to his house enter and seize him for a murderer—he proclaims his innocence—but how can he account for the blood upon his sleeves, which are held up before his sight—he becomes alarmed, and turns pale; his frame trembles at the thought of being suspected—and he drops down in convulsions. All this is noted down to appear against him on the day of his trial. He is torn from the embrace of his wife and his little children, who cling to his knees, and hurried before the police. The wretched victim can only assert his innocence, and call on God to witness the truth of his oath—but of no avail. “Any hypocrite,” says his examiners, “might do as you do—tell us how the blood came on your clothes?” What shall he answer?—he can say nothing—he is dragged to a prison and cast in a dark dungeon—the agony of his mind and the thoughts of his horrid situation, press upon his senses until he becomes frantic—and wild in agony, he thinks if he confesses he may secure mercy—scarcely knowing what he does, he presses the jailor's hand, and watering it with tears, declares himself guilty of the crime of which he is accused. He is arraigned for trial, and now his senses are partially restored, he pleads not guilty; but what does all this avail? the bloody axe found under his bed—his shirt sleeves and the cuffs of his coat covered with blood—his pale countenance—his convulsions when taken—and lastly, *his own confession*—all appear against him, and overwhelm him with their irresistible force. How shall he counteract all this? he cannot prove an *Alibi*, for no one saw him after ten o'clock, and the murder was committed at midnight. In vain he proves a good character, *circumstantial evidence* stares him boldly in the face, and guilty he must be, although no one saw him commit the crime. In vain his counsel urges that he awoke from pleasant dreams with a clear conscience and found his clothes covered with blood—in vain he urges that the prisoner never saw the axe until the constables dragged it from under his bed. He tries to make the jury believe that fear may have such an effect upon a man's mind even when he is innocent, as to cause him to turn pale and fall in convulsions, or that it may derange his mind so much as to cause him to make a confes-

sion of a crime, when he is actually innocent. They are ignorant men, and know of no such effects. They will only listen to *circumstantial evidence*—every thing else is considered as a made up story of his counsel, because he has no better defence—he is found guilty—dragged to the gallows and executed!

What on earth can repay this innocent man's family for their loss and the shame they must sustain? What account can we render to God for taking away an innocent man's life? better, say I, that ninety-nine guilty wretches be permitted to go unpunished by man, than that one innocent being suffer death. Great God! how I shudder when I think that in my own country such things are permitted. When I lay my head upon my pillow to-night, I cannot tell but that to-morrow I may be dragged from my couch and charged with the murder of a man I never saw. God's own hand will afflict and punish the murderer, till he shrieks under the indescribable agony of his torture, and exclaims, with Cain, “my punishment is greater than I can bear.” There will be a mark set upon him, and although murder may be concealed for a little time, it will one day or other be brought to light.

Many may think the above picture is a mere fancy piece—I assure them it is not—I have seen such cases myself, and there is one among the Percy Anecdotes that must convince every unprejudiced reader of the danger of giving such implicit belief to circumstantial evidence.

The remedy I would propose is, that where strong suspicion appears against a man, without any positive testimony, that he be secured and put in a comfortable jail. This is, indeed, hard also, to make an innocent man suffer: yet there is a probability, if he is so, of the murderer being detected, in which case he can be redeemed from his imprisonment, and rewarded for his sufferings. HIGGINS SUBPENA.

WOMEN.

It is certain that our present manners give the women much influence in the State. It cannot be disavowed that they are the most active springs in society;—and that it is they who, in general, fix honour, interest, love, taste, and opinions; it is, therefore, an absurdity, to hold them in no estimation in the code of our laws. Do not, then, let us confine them entirely to household affairs, but give them that degree of equality amongst us, to which they are justly entitled, and which they well know how to employ to our advantage.

The Duke of Devonshire has introduced a new Parisian opera-glass, possessing a double power, suited to both eyes at the same time.

A half a million of dollars has been assigned by the King of Prussia for erecting a new museum in Berlin.

CHARACTER.

NEW-ZEALAND CHIEF.

It should appear that the intercourse between the potentates of the northern and the southern hemispheres is likely to become much more frequent than could, a few years ago, have been contemplated. The visit of the King of the Sandwich Islands, some time since, made a sensation in London; and about two months ago a Chief of the New-Zealand Isles arrived in Liverpool. The name of this Chief is Tapahe, and it may be truly said, that he has intruded himself into his Majesty's dominions. As Captain Roberts, master of a ship belonging to Liverpool, was sailing along the coast of the Sandwich Islands, his vessel was approached by two war-canoes full of men. Alarmed at this hostile appearance, Mr. Roberts ordered his men to their quarters, and prepared for any contingency. On the canoes nearing his ship, he made signs to the savages to keep off. A chief then appeared on the bow of the nearest canoe, who, stripping off his mantle, extended his arms and pointed to his crew, indicating that they were all naked and unarmed. Captain R. having ascertained, by a view from the main-top, that they had no weapons in the bottom of their boats, permitted them to come along side; when Tapahe sprang up the main-chains, rushed on deck, and making up to the captain, firmly grasped both his wrists, and joined his own nose to his. Mr. R. was at first startled; but soon judged, as was the fact, that this is the mode of friendly salutation among the Sandwich Islanders. Tapahe then spoke a speech, which Mr. R. did not understand, but made signs to him that he must leave the ship instantly. On his refusing to comply with this requisition, Mr. R. ordered four of his crew to throw him overboard; when the chief, perceiving their intentions, threw himself prostrate on the deck, and grasped a ring-bolt with such strength, that the four seamen could not make him loose his hold. In this emergency the carpenter proposed to knock him on the head with his axe; but this Captain Roberts, a gentleman of most exemplary humanity, would not permit, and ordered his men to desist from their attempt to disengage him from his holdfast. Tapahe then rose, and going to the side of the vessel, said something to the crews of his war-boats, in consequence of which they paddled off with great speed, leaving their chief to the disposal of the captain, who was extremely embarrassed by this compulsory reception of so unwelcome a guest.

Tapahe, when all chance of his being expelled from the ship seemed to be done away, contrived to make Captain Roberts understand, that his object in thus throwing himself on board his vessel was to take a voyage to England for the purpose of visiting King George, from whom he intended to beg a number of muskets, and a quantity of gunpowder, to enable him to meet on equal terms a neighbouring chief, who having procured arms and ammunition from Port Jackson, had defeated him in battle, had taken one of his sons prisoner, and eaten him. The appearance of the chief was very striking. He measures about five feet ten inches in height; his shoulders broad and compact; the depth of his chest indicates extraordinary strength, and his arms would afford a model for a statue of Hercules. His face is tattooed all over; but in spite of this disfigurement, it is handsome. His hair is jet black, and his eyes

lively, but not fierce. The docility of his temper was soon proved, by his readily submitting to be clothed in an European dress in lieu of his mat, which his people had thrown after him when he sprang on board the ship. He was very conformable to the habits of the captain and the crew, with whom he soon became a favourite. One of the seamen, however, in a thoughtless moment, made a rash experiment upon him. Having learnt that putting the hand upon the head of a New-Zealander is an insult equivalent to that which an Englishman feels when his nose is pulled, he approached Tapahe, when he was walking the quarter-deck, and patted him on the head. The eyes of the chief instantly flashed fire. He seized the offender, a very stout man, by the waistband and the collar, lifted him above his head to the utmost stretch of his arms, and after shaking him for a few moments, dashed him on the deck with such violence, that he was under the surgeon's care for bruises and contusions for several days. During the course of the voyage, Tapahe had a signal occasion of testifying his gratitude and attachment to Captain Roberts. The captain one stormy day fell overboard, when his guest instantly plunged into the waves, swam to him, and supported him till a boat was hoisted out, which brought them both back in safety to the ship.

Soon after his arrival in Liverpool, where he established his quarters at the captain's house, Tapahe was taken ill of the measles, and was attended by Dr. Traill, under whose skillful management he soon recovered. The doctor having thought it expedient to bleed him, he readily submitted to the operation; and when the basin was nearly filled with blood, he intimated that blood was a delicious beverage. He has, however, promised to cease from cannibalism, and to cause his subjects to cease from it when he returns to his own country. It may be doubted, however, whether he will keep his word, as he still talks with pleasure of the relish of a human leg, which, according to his representation, is reckoned a prime repast by a New-Zealand gourmand. He has already obtained a small collection of arms, one gentleman having made him a present of ten muskets, and others of two or three braces of pistols. These weapons are a source of great delight to him; he spends much time in cleaning them, and has made himself complete master of the art of taking off and replacing the locks. He is, indeed, very ingenious. A painter having taken his likeness, he was much dissatisfied because the tattooing was not accurately drawn—and taking a black lead pencil, without the aid of a glass, he made a complete and correct map of his face, representing every curve and every minute speck of the ornamental punctures by which his countenance is marked. Of these he has made many copies, of one of which, the writer of the present article is in possession, having received it from him as a testimony of his friendship. His manners, indeed, are very courteous; he is very observant of the habits of the new society into which he is thrown, and having been occasionally introduced by Dr. Traill to the tables of some of the first people in Liverpool, he uniformly conducts himself with dignity and ease. On the representation of the Doctor, communicated to Lord Bathurst by Mr. Gladstone, the member for Woodstock, the government has assigned Captain Roberts a small weekly allowance for his support; but Tapahe is very much dissatisfied,

because, though he has taken so long a voyage for the pleasure of becoming acquainted with King George, his Majesty declines to see him, or to provide him with any munitions of war.

L. Lit. Gaz.

THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1825.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We solicit a continuation of the favours of "Augusta."

"Katherine Augusta" in our next.

We have received a very polite letter from "A Reader," and return him our thanks for the delicate manner in which he has treated a subject that cannot fail to excite feelings of sympathy and admiration.

TO AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

It will be seen that in the present number the Review department of this journal has been considerably extended, and it is also proposed hereafter to devote a column or more in every number for announcing all new publications which may appear during the week. We would suggest to all those interested the advantages which would accrue from having their works noticed as early as possible, which they may have done by sending a copy, addressed "to the Editor of the American Athenæum."

LE REVEIL.

A new French Journal, under this title, is about to be published weekly in this city, by Mr. Edward Louvet, as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained to ascertain the opinion of the public in its favour. We have read the Prospectus with much pleasure, and judging from the liberal spirit and tone with which the Editor exposes his intentions and views, we have no doubt he will render his work a popular and interesting one. It is to be devoted chiefly to French Literature; and as the taste for this language has now become a desirable qualification in every liberally educated person, whether male or female, we hope to see the attempt widely encouraged. Subscriptions are taken at the office of the American, 3 Nassau-street, by Berard and Mondon's, by Bliss and White, Bohn and Kahl, and G. and C. Carvill, 108 Broadway. Price of subscription is six dollars per annum.

PARK THEATRE.

On Monday evening, the 29th inst. this establishment will be re-opened for the season with the sterling comedy of the Hypocrite, and other entertainments hereafter to be announced. The managers inform us that during the recess, they have spared no pains to add to the beauty, and improve the general condition of their house. Several splendid pieces are in preparation: among them "The Vision of the Sun," which was represented in London one hundred and fifty times during one season. From the well known enterprise of the managers of this theatre, and the superior opportunities they enjoy for getting up the most splendid exhibitions, we have no doubt that the ensuing season will be one full of novelty and interest, and we sincerely hope that it may prove a fruitful one—of instruction and rational delight to the audiences, and of profit to the proprietors.